wonderful separating machine and sent her astral part off to India. It would not come back. At the end of several days of black despair the astral part of Danefield Mottram, athlete and hunter of big game, was sent after it. Mottram's astral part alighted at a point where it could hear the roar of the Mahragunga River passing over the big fall. This was close to the road running from Barima to Muggermund. For several hours the astral party of the second part ran after a carriage containing the astral party of the first part. The runner could easily have won the Marathon race if he had been entered, but this pursuit of the astral Hermione was a far more difficult business.

There was a light breeze. It rustled amid the feathery tamarisk bushes and the reedy stalks of the young bamboos. Being astral, the runner cast no shadow on the moonlit way. He left no footprints. He swam amid alligators to a darksome island. We remarked that at one point in his pursuit "he experienced a curious sensat on." When he had passed the spoor of an elephant and entered the vast and forbidding palace it was plain to him that these white robed priests included in the membership of the Brotherhood of Wisdom were troubled by no desire and no intention to treat the astral part of Hermione courteously. The Arch Priest addressed the victim, mentioning the King of the Heavens and the Mighty Measurer. With outstretched arms she cried "Help! Help!" The astral Mottram grabbed her. No use. In a jiffy he was back in London, where he was called upon to encounter the dangerous and venal Mr. Solomons.

Solomons had excellent and gleaming teeth. He was a Persian. His name in his own country was Suleiman Hafiz ben Azrael. Mottram walloped him well. But how to get the astral Hermione back? The president of the Association for the Investigation of Psychical Phenomena was called in. Prof. Jackson said: "If any man in the world can help us he can." We thought to ourselves that this was surely so. The president of the A. I. P. P had deep set eyes and a calm gaze. He said in effect: "Since the soul cannot be brought to the body let us take the body to the soul." They took it in a steam yacht. The astral Hermione had been transferred to a monastery situated over caves and whirlpools on the coast of Italy. It was a dreadful place. All the monks who died were stood up in rows in the great hall. One of them was seven feet high.

A great storm arose. It looked as though the rescuers would not be able to get into the monastery at midnight in the full of the moon. It was not necessary. An earthquake destroyed that terrible and infamous seat of the Brotherhood of Wisdom. At the same moment the astral part of Hermione Vivian flew to the yacht and rejoined the physical part. Solomons was in the monastery. We were quite sure that the president of the Association for the Investigation of Psychical Phenomena knew what he was about. Any reader who does not esteem this tale may be set down as ridiculously unappreciative.

Some Doings of the Money Devils.

In Mr. Newton Ridgely's story "By Law of Might; a Romance of the Real Wall Street" (H. A. Simmons & Co., 20 Broad St.), it is said of Claudia Allen, the beauteous typewriter: "To Fremont's mind she was about the right height, with a figure perfect even if a trifle round; sunshiny hair, appealing eyes, an oval, delicately moulded face with the bright bloom of heath, and a mouth whose sweetness invited to the discussion of things far removed from stocks and bonds." The trouble was that the thoroughly unscrupulous Lamar was of the same mind as Fremont. We felt in our bones, however, that Lamar would be thwarted and that his scheme of having his automobile break down and of detaining Claudia in a road house pending the ostensible repair of the carbureter was full of the elements and the probability of failure.

Sure enough, Fremont broke in the door at the proper moment. "You cur!" he said, addressing Lamar. Turning then to Claudia, he observed interrogatively: "He has not dared to annoy you?" She replied: "Dear Mr. Fremont, I am so glad that you are here." Here Lamar dashed at Fremont and was immediately knocked down. Fremont then said: "Compose yourself, Claudia dear, the danger is past. We will leave this cad to his own devices and get back to town." To which Claudia replied: "How good and honorable and unselfish you are! What can I ever do to repay your devotion?" Time answered happily that generous question. He and Claudia were free to marry after Mrs. Fremont had got her divorce and after it was made clear that Sam Sharp, the Wizard of Wall Street, had done the murder (see the dreadful first chapter) of which Fremont was suspected.

Fremont was a good man. All that he really murdered was grammar. "There was nothing between her and I that the whole world could not know," he proudly said. He also said: "Can it be that he means to get rid of both his wife and I at one stroke?" That is queer, but no queerer than the rest of the story. We do not often see quite the like of this tale. If it is truly the real Wall Street we think we shall take care not to go below Fulton.

Orchestration.

The rapid growth of public interest in orchestral music ought to insure a welcome to Dr. Louis Adolphe Coerne's "The Evolution of Modern Orchestration" (the Macmillan Company). If assistance were needed it might be found in a very amiable introduction by Henry E. Krehbiel, which does not neglect the obvious duty of mentioning the notable works of the Belgian Gevaert and the Frenchman Lavoix. In the latter the history of the development of the orchestra of to-day and of the art of writing for it is set forth in a full and scholarly manner. It would have been remarkable indeed had Dr. Coerne found anything which had escaped the eye of the industrious Frenchman, except of course the important and significant works of Arthur Foote, George W. Chadwick, John K. Paine and others of the new Athenian school of composers.

Dr. Coerne's book has one great advantage over the works of Gevaert and Lavoix, to wit, that it is in the language of Harvard University, commonly called English. Dr. Coerne received his degree of Ph. D. for writing this book and composing an opera on the subject of "Zenobia," long ago opened up to the musical world by the genius of Silas G. Pratt. Being in the tongue understood by the people this new history of orchestration will destroy another "long felt want." Students of music, as well as amateurs of the art, ought to be acquainted with the story told in this volume. It is one of the most important in the history of music.

Dr. Coerne has striven to cover the entire field, and has been liberal in his views as to what ought to be drawn under the shelter of his large title. He has tried to give every one a kind word, and on closing the volume one is almost tempted to believe that in the field of orchestration Victor Herbert, Adolph Foerster, Henry Holden Huss and F. S. Converse are also among the prophets. Perhaps some of the space accorded to composers of this type might better have been added to that devoted to Beethoven. However, Scarlatti, the great master of early Italian opera, gets the credit which is his due.

When Myrtle Baldwin Ran Away.

Mr. Charles Clark Munn's story of "Myrtle Baldwin" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston) relates how Myrtle lived on lonely Folly Island with her grandfather, Cap'n Jud; how the Cap'n shamefully ill treated her; how he threw a split fish at her, saying "Damn ye, why don't ye mind?" in the prescence of Mark Mason, a young yachtsman who had come to buy some lobsters; how Mason was very sorry for Myrtle, giving her $50 to assist her in running away; how she did run away; how she had stormy and distressing experiences in the world; how Mason lost sight of her and tried to find her; how it seemed as though he never would find her; how he went to Folly Island and boldly asked Cap'n Jud if he realized what a despicable, contemptible brute he was; how the Cap'n by that time was a "bowed down and cringing man"; how after that he became insane and was visited by spectres; how one night "from without came the scream and shriek of a thousand demons"; how the demons "moaned and groaned"; how they "bellowed and boomed"; how there was also a "click, click, as of bones striking together"; how there came now and then "a thunderous, crashing blow"; how "back and forth along the spray and spume washed, rock ribbed shore that demoniac army advanced, now retreated"; how the Cap'n was found dead in the morning; how Myrtle was found by Mason finally, and how those two were happy at last. There is a good deal in the story. Undoubtedly it has its crudities and its exaggerations

Fall Fiction.

To those who have had the good fortune to read "A Digit of the Moon," Mr. F. W. Bain's new story, "An Incarnation of the Snow" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) will need no recommendation. He again calls it a translation; whether it be that, or Mr. Bain's own expression of a Hindu legend for the reader innocent of Sanskrit or whatever Hindu tongue the author affects, the story must be judged on its own merits as told in English. Even including the mechanism of a tale within a tale the story is very short. It is charming and poetical; the discovery of the maid in the wood Mr. Bain has told before, but the description of the snow maiden, the wife's devotion, and the picture of the lovelorn goddess are wonderfully fine. They certainly seem to bring Hindu ideas close to the Western mind. In the preface Mr. Bain seems to be a trifle pompous; we trust that praise is not making him take himself too seriously. He is a delightful story teller; it will be a pity if he turns into a preacher.

A pretty story is told very daintily by L. Allen Harker in "Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly" (Charles Scribner's Sons).

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